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ALAN DEVOE

september 12

Volume LVI, number 23, 1952

15 CENTS

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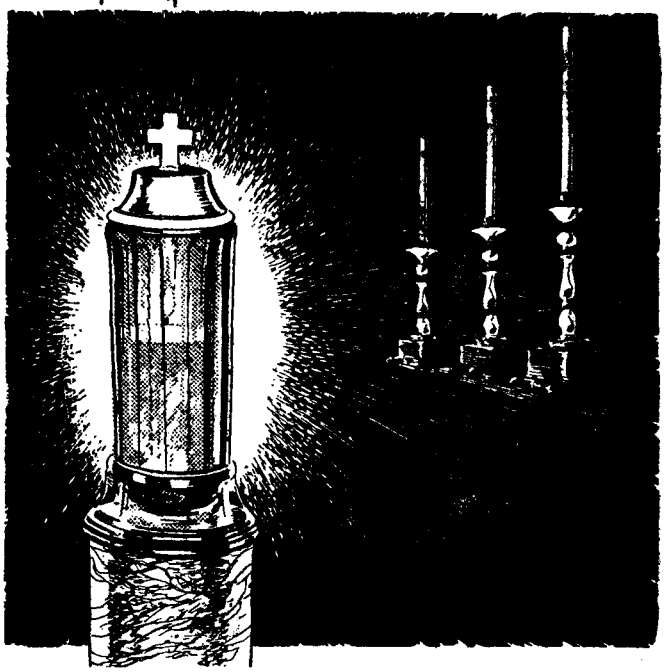

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1952, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9686. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year. Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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THE Commonweal

week by week

McCARTHYISM AND THE CAMPAIGN

BY this time most Americans—at least those with an active interest in public life—have taken the measure of Senator Joseph McCarthy the man and of the ism that inflatteringly bears his name. If there are any left who are still vague about the details of McCarthy's record, they will find a thorough, sober and sobering account of it in a little booklet called "The McCarthy Record" published by the Wisconsin Citizen's Committee on McCarthy's Record, 409 North Frances Street, Madison, Wisconsin. The price is one dollar.

It would be pleasant to hope that all who take a good look at the record would realize that, whatever their personal sympathy for the Senator, he is the kind of political leader we simply cannot afford to keep on the American scene. But such a hope would be idle. McCarthy has the kind of emotional support which is impervious to argument and facts.

The man and his approach to political problems of the day have an undeniably wide appeal. He is a hero to thousands, and the fact that his record brands him as something less than a knight in shining armor is not likely to shatter their loyalty. For many, nothing in the self-damning McCarthy record makes much difference; they are willing to accept their hero even as a heel. They will admit, for instance, that maybe he overdid it when he branded George Marshall as a traitor, that maybe a number of innocent people were hurt during the McCarthy crusade, that it may be true that Joe doesn't always stick with the truth, that his replies to factual critics are rarely if ever straightforward and direct, that perhaps Joe's respect for the democratic processes is not as keen as it might be—you will get admissions like this from the McCarthy partisans if you press hard enough. But the admissions don't really mean much.

What most Americans find repulsive in McCarthy's record, his defenders gently speak of as Joe's "mistakes." General Marshall publicly branded as a traitor after a lifetime of service to his country—a "mistake"! The wholesale calumniation of innocent government workers—a "mistake"! The faked composite photo showing Senator Tydings and Earl Browder together (circulated in Maryland when Tydings was up for re-election)—another "mistake"! Every politico should be allowed a certain margin for error, but Joe's "mistakes" are of a kind that the penny catechism has harsher words for. Oddly enough, those who take an indulgent attitude toward McCarthy's "mistakes" are often the same people who have no tolerance for genuine errors of judgment.

BOTH Presidential candidates have denounced the Senator's methods—the series of "mistakes" that have made McCarthy not only a political but a moral issue in the present campaign. For Governor Stevenson, the McCarthy record has turned out to be a powerful political asset; for General Eisenhower it is clearly an acute embarrassment. And this, it seems, points up one important aspect of the McCarthy problem. As a matter of cold fact, moral issues aside, the tactics of a McCarthy inevitably endanger the causes he embraces. In happier times, this might be a source of consolation to the Senator's domestic opponents. But they have to recognize that today the perverse effect of McCarthyism is felt in the international sphere, too.

McCarthy and his followers like to hint broadly that it is a sneaking sympathy for Communism which motivates anti-McCarthyism. More often than not, precisely the opposite is true. General Eisenhower, Henry Luce, the N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor,* to name only a few of McCarthy's critics, can hardly be called Red sympathizers.

Herbert A. Philbrick, who for nine years posed as a party member in order to report on Communist doings to the FBI, summed up this argument against McCarthyism. Party members "just love" such name-calling, he said, and for three reasons—it creates confusion, it makes the party's strength appear greater than it is, and it harms men whom the "comrades call those stupid liberals."

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But however convincing this argument to thoughtful anti-Communists, it is not likely to carry much weight with McCarthy's loyal admirers. They are convinced that even though Joe didn't actually nail a single Communist in the government, he did perform a monumental service by focusing attention on the dangers of Communist infiltration from within. They will tell you that he contrasts favorably with what they like to call the "pinkos" and "pseudo-liberals" whom they consider to be doing the work of the Communists.

If you want to denounce McCarthyism (which was coined, they say, at the offices of the *Daily Worker* and therefore has no legitimate meaning) you had better get ready to be burdened with the guilt of Alger Hiss, the fall of China and the intellectual aberrations of every eccentric in the history of Western thought. Joe and his followers are generous about it; they give you a choice—Communism, treachery, soft-headedness *or* McCarthyism, patriotism and common sense. If you hesitate, you're probably a "pseudo-intellectual," and everyone knows about *them*.

Well, it is a very interesting choice they set up, but it looks more and more as if most Americans aren't going to be caught between the horns. After you've heard everything—all about Hiss again, and China, and the dangers of being an intellectual ("pseudo," of course) and where the term "McCarthyism" was coined and by whom, and the whole history of the character assassination job that was done on poor Joe himself—after all this familiar country has been re-explored, the fact remains that McCarthyism is basically a moral problem.

There is a choice, but it is not the choice Joe gives you. It is not between Hiss and McCarthy. It is between justice and calumny, between fair-play and the double-cross, between honesty and evasiveness, between the claims of the intelligence and wild emotion, between trial by jury and trial by terror, between political freedom and enforced conformity, between the shining thing we call America and the dark caricature of the thing that Joe calls "Americanism." That is the choice, and for a believer in America, to state it is to make it.

UNMOURNED PASSING

WHEN a man leaves public office after having given the best part of his life to it, it is a hard thing not to be able to pay him tribute. Yet who in good conscience could regret the passing from public life of Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi?

Dedicated to the notion of white supremacy, Rankin joined this passion with a scathing contempt for the Jews, and frequently made use of the national forum provided by his seat in the House to promote that favorite canard of the anti-Semite, the international Jewish plot. Hand in hand with his anti-Semitic and anti-Negro fulminations were his equally vitriolic denunciations of labor unions, liberals, and all groups interested in civil rights.

Hardly matching the stereotyped idea of the courtly Southern gentleman, Rankin on occasion descended to fistfights with opponents and even to hurling inkwells. A founder and member of the original House Un-American Activities Committee, by his obsession with white supremacy, his hatred for the Jews and his overall irresponsibility, Rankin contributed in large measure to the low opinion held by many honest men about the work of that group.

Up until now, in fact, one of the few bright spots in Rankin's career was provided by his failure to win the Senate seat vacated by the late Senator Bilbo. In that contest, Rankin came in last in a field of five, an outcome which, although belated, might be taken as a tribute to the good sense of the electorate of Mississippi.

It would, at this point, be pleasant to be able to report that the people of his state carried this rejection further by completely repudiating Rankin and his views when his House seat was at stake. This was not the case, however, since what defeated Rankin was really a re-shuffling of Congressional districts in his home state.

Nevertheless, although it can not be considered a clear-cut repudiation of racism, Rankin's retirement still represents a national gain. During his long career, Rankin gave the dignity of his position to some of the meanest sentiments current in the back alleys of American political life, and in the process he brought dishonor to the high office he held. In all honesty, tribute cannot be paid to him, but perhaps it can truthfully be said that he was his own worst enemy. For surely, no matter how much damage he did, the corroding hatred to which he gave public voice can have hurt neither Negro nor Jew quite as much as it did Rankin himself.

SLOW START

THE American Federation of Labor is an old organization, but in dealing with the question of hoodlums it sometimes appears, even to sympathetic onlookers, to exhibit all the coyness of a debutante at her first ball. The organization enshrines the principle of local autonomy, and this traditional hatred of centralization makes AFL leaders reluctant to interfere in the internal operations of local unions.

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That this policy has had many good results in the past is undeniable, but when it comes to hoodlum invasions, it benefits only the racketeer.

Lately the word that hoodlums have either received charters or taken over certain locals of AFL unions has been too strong to ignore. Under pressure of public opinion, the Executive Council of the AFL established a special committee to look into this situation. Recently this committee made a secret report to the Executive Council, but although one or two charters have been revoked, the language of members of the committee in discussing the matter with the press is not exactly encouraging.

George Meany, the chairman of the committee and secretary-treasurer of the national body, insists that reports to the effect that it is an anti-racketeering group are misleading; the committee's purpose, he says, is simply to determine whether or not charters have been issued without proper authorization. Asked if certain persons who have obtained such charters are racketeers, he refused to say more than that they were "strangers," perhaps because he was trying to avoid a rash of unfavorable publicity.

Without reflecting in any way on Mr. Meany's intentions or those of his committee, such delicacy seems overdone. That hoodlums try from time to time to invade labor unions is neither a secret nor a disgrace. But when this happens, the parent body should take action in as vigorous a fashion as possible if for no other reason than because to do otherwise gives aid and comfort only to the labor-baiters.

Although it is true that local law-enforcing bodies have just as much obligation to prosecute hoodlums operating under the guise of unionism as those hiding under any other cloak, the fact still remains that the good name of labor is best protected by prompt action taken by national union officials. The annual AFL convention will be held this month, and this question should be raised at that time. All friends of labor hope the matter will then be dealt with wisely and decisively.

THE LEGION CONVENTION

THE deliberations at this year's American Legion convention followed a familiar pattern. The veterans chose "Americanism" as their keynote, and made the enforcement of this concept their special mission. In hot pursuit of this virtue, they ridiculed their country's foreign policy, denounced its Secretary of State, regarded its allies with sour suspicion, and painted its public schools as hotbeds of subversion. They urged the investigation and possible suppression of an organization like the American Civil Liberties Union because of its defense of those accused of crimes under the Smith Act, and, finally, they inferentially rejected the principle of civilian control of the military.

In the midst of the denunciations and anger, Adlai Stevenson arrived to deliver an address. He came carrying special liabilities: he had, as Governor of Illinois, vetoed an anti-subversion bill particularly dear to the heart of the Legion. He had made a deposition in the Alger Hiss case. He had already denounced one of the Legion's favorite sons —Senator Joseph McCarthy. And, he came as the nominee of that party held responsible for most of the crimes lamented by the veterans.

Few, therefore, could envy Stevenson as he came before the convention, and the applause which greeted him was only "polite." Every lesson in the book of practical politics dictated a speech shaped to dispel the Legionaires' suspicion and ill-will. Instead of that, the speaker "gave 'em hell"—à la Princeton—and it proved particularly effective. Perhaps never before in American political history has any powerful group been denounced to its face with such devastating politeness.

The Governor's speech denounced "super-patriotism," with its corollaries of conformity and thought control. It castigated those who in the name of patriotism brand as subversive those with whom they disagree. It deplored irresponsible attacks upon the public schools. But the genuine greatness of Stevenson's speech was not in its attacks, brilliant and courageous as they were, but rather in its affirmations.

To the super-patriots the Governor gave a positive definition of patriotism. He distinguished the virtue from its perversion. To the hankerers after censorship and suppression he made a declaration of faith in the dignity and inviolability of the free mind. To the illiberal he demonstrated what is the true liberal's basic vision. At least some of the definition was grasped by his audience, and part of the vision was communicated. Because the applause at the end of the speech was no longer merely polite, it was enthusiastic.

But no miracle of conversion took place. The Governor left, and with him went, apparently, the vision of a decent America and a rational patriotism. The voice of the Super-Patriots again filled the hall, and the final recommendations were made. They are recommendations which, if ever followed, would destroy the best American traditions of civilian control of the military, freedom of opinion in the nation's schools, and the right of a man to be held innocent until proved guilty. They form part of that "climate of fear" of which both General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson spoke.

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DON LUIGI STURZO

IN Rome I fulfilled a long-time ambition. I met Don Luigi Sturzo, the distinguished priest-statesman who is rightly called the grand old man of the Christian Democratic parties, which are now so important on the Continent.

Don Sturzo lives simply, in a working class neighborhood where he occupies a single room in the motherhouse of an order of active sisters. There he receives friends and visitors, admirers from all over the world and the numerous statesmen who now come to him for counsel.

I stayed at a rather run-down hotel in Rome. Before seeing Don Sturzo, I asked a clerk at the hotel to call the priest for me since I suspected the nuns at the convent did not speak English. The hotel man was enthusiastic when I told him who it was I wanted to call. "Don Sturzo! A great man! No man in Italy, not even the Pope himself, is loved the way Sturzo is!"

Then there was a mixup about the priest's address, and I found myself wandering around the neighborhood of the convent looking for his place. I went into a little tobacco store and asked there if anyone knew where Don Sturzo lived. There was the same kind of reaction. The people in the store all spoke warmly of the priest, who seems to be part father and part hero in Italian eyes.

There was the same reaction at the convent. The sister-portress spoke of *il professore* with love and respect and warned me that he was an old man now and so not up to long conversations. "He will never ask you to go," she said. "He is too polite. But please don't stay any more than an hour."

Finally I was ushered into the priest's room. He sat at a desk in his shirt sleeves, a smiling old man looking frail but lively and alert, not at all the tired ancient. His desk was piled high with books, magazines and typewritten manuscripts, all in seeming disorder. There was only a single cot in the corner and a predieu. It was not in any sense the room of a triumphant political leader but the cell of an ascetic.

Don Sturzo asked right off about his friends in America. He said that he had the happiest memories of his years in Brooklyn and Florida and of the kind Americans who befriended him; he would never forget them. We went from there, naturally enough, to political matters. I asked him what he thought about the Demo-Christians in Italy today. "I criticize them from time to time," he said, "but that is because it is my vocation to be a political critic. It does not mean that I disown them."

For some reason I asked him if he felt that the Demo-Christian parties in Europe since the war had fully lived up to the ideas he had for Christian Democracy when he conceived of his own Popular Party.

The answer was not slow in coming. "Of course not. One projects an ideal but awaits a reality. In politics, it is never right to judge anything by the ideal. An ideal is precisely that: something that exists as an *idea*. But it has to be transferred into reality and then the picture changes somewhat. You must then take all the reality into consideration and make your judgments accordingly. You don't, of course, lose the ideal or betray it. It remains *the* idea. But you do not judge the fact as if it were the idea."

Don Sturzo went on to speak feelingly of the Christian Democratic ideal. It is, he thinks, the only answer to Communism. Two things are being attacked, he says—the Christian idea of man and the political idea of freedom. By meeting the challenge of Communism on these two levels, Christian Democracy provides a political expression of Christianity and a Christian expression of politics.

A friend at the American Embassy had asked me to inquire when I met Don Sturzo whether he believed in something approaching a Catholic internationale. He doesn't. He believes that in those countries where an anti-religious philosophy and view of man have been incarnated in a political movement, they have to be answered by a political movement. But he does not think that Christian parties should be clerical parties, since political life is the particular province of the layman and should be kept free from clerical dictation.

I asked about the United States. Did he think there was room here for a Christian Democratic party? No, he didn't. For one thing, he thought that it would be foreign to the traditions of this country to give any political movement a religious name. Neither of our principal parties is anti-religious. That is important. The place for Christian political action in the U. S. is within the existing parties.

He did think though that we stood in need of Christian political education. He told me that he would like to see some such movement as ACTU organized along political lines, where laymen well informed in religious principles would work together to translate those principles into terms of political life.

"There is always need for Christian political action, but in a country like yours it should be within the traditional framework. The preparation for such action could come in an independent religious movement. But I would not want to be misunderstood. I would never recommend anything like a Catholic bloc. Catholics should remain Democrats and Republicans. I would only recommend that some steps be taken so that more American young people look upon politics as a Christian vocation and all regard their political action as a Christian duty."

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Two Romes

HOW DO THE VATICAN AND THE ITALIAN STATE REACT TO ONE ANOTHER IN OUR DAY?

BERNARD WALL

WHEN the President of the Italian Republic enters or leaves his Palace of the Quirinal, he passes under the balcony over the great palace gate. On this balcony, until eighty years ago, the newly-elected Popes used to show themselves to the people. The Kings of Savoy, the previous occupiers of the palace, inevitably seemed *parvenus* in Rome. The Popes had been the temporal sovereigns of the city for a thousand years before them; they had already ruled Rome for hundreds of years when William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey. There are constant reminders of this age-old connection between Rome and the papacy. Almost every street or piazza in the center of the city and every palace recalls some episode of papal history. Papal Rome and Rome the modern capital are inextricably mixed.

How do those two independent organizations—the Vatican and the Italian State—interpenetrate one another and react to one another in our day? Of all questions about Italian politics I think that this is the thorniest, and that is perhaps why, though many people refer to it, few attempt to elucidate it.

I do not pretend to be privy to the private conversations that take place in those acres of palaces and gardens that stretch beyond St. Peter's to the right as we walk across the piazza enclosed by Bernini's immense colonnade. The oldest court in the world, with its own precedents and ceremonials, with its own legal system and methods of diplomacy, has developed forms of discretion that have no parallel in Italy or, I think, anywhere else. Yet the fact remains that the Vatican is now in a position of what I might call "potential power" over the politics of the Italian nation—power that is in one way much greater than the influence it exercised in the nineteenth century.

In the political divisions of the country, the Catholics are today the arbiters of the destiny of Italy. The very form of the Republic itself cannot be discussed without reference to this "potential power" of the Pope. I want to examine the terms of this situation in the light of tensions that inevitably exist in the Vatican between the ancient medieval traditions of ecclesiastical domination on the one side, and the Catholic democratic parties which form so important a part of the political landscape in Europe today.

IN the nineteenth century, owing to the famous *dissidio* between the Vatican and the new Italian kingdom, the Catholics who supported the Pope could play no part in the political life of the country. The Vatican forbade Italians to vote in the elections, thereby leaving the administration of the country to a liberal minority. The ban on voting was only lifted just before the first World War. Almost immediately the Catholic-inspired democratic party—the *Partito Popolare*, founded by Don Luigi Sturzo—grew and began to wield power.

The *Partito Popolare* movement was held up for twenty years by fascism until its ideas were revived after the war under the leadership of De Gasperi, an old henchman of Don Sturzo's. The new movement, *Democrazia Cristiana,* was pledged to support the parliamentary freedoms. Communism was strong, but the Church, with its mass of peasant supporters, was even stronger. In size and weight of popular support the other parties were soon revealed to be mere fractions of opinion in comparison with the two main confronting forces. The great Catholic vote defeated the Communists and has held De Gasperi in power till this day.

It is really at this point that my story begins. But to keep our perspective accurate we must not lose sight of two facts. One is that the Concordat and Treaty signed in 1929 between the Vatican and the Fascist Government of Italy was inherited by the new democratic Italy and is still in force. The other fact is that Christian Democracy defined itself—here I am quoting a recent statement by Gonella, Secretary-General of the movement—as a political party which is "based on Christian principles but acts on its own direct responsibility." In other words, the Christian Democrats maintain that the Pope is not their political leader and the Vatican is not responsible for their decisions.

At this point, and it may not be the only occasion, I am afraid I shall sound as though I am splitting hairs

Mr. Wall has taken a leading part in European Catholic movements. An Englishman, he is the author of two books on Italy.

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in my efforts to expound the fine distinctions of the theory. The 1929 agreement between the Vatican and Italy provides that the Vatican is not to interfere directly in the political affairs of the Italian State. On the other hand, the Italian State recognizes the right of the Church to carry on its spiritual and moral functions without let or hindrance, and the Vatican, obviously, retains full freedom in all matters affecting what it calls faith and morals.

So far so good. But to what extent, for instance, is it possible in practice to distinguish between "moral" issues on the one hand and "political" issues on the other? To what extent is it possible to distinguish between the Vatican and the Italian Church?

During the latter years of the Fascist regime there was a good deal of bickering between the two contracting parties, the Fascists claiming that the Church was interfering in Italian affairs, the Vatican maintaining that it had every right to defend religious institutions from State interference and to condemn ideas which were incompatible with Catholicism. But since the establishment of the Republic the position has developed in new ways.

In 1949 the Vatican excommunicated all Italians who voted for the Communist Party, and though this decision had a moral and religious basis—for the Church has consistently maintained that Soviet Communism is incompatible with Christianity—it was also a major political act, for it amounted to the excommunication of the Opposition. But the most complicated of all the instances of what I mean lies in the relationship between *Azione Cattolica*—Catholic Action—and the Christian Democratic Party.

THE headquarters of Catholic Action are in a huge palace in the Via della Conciliazione in Rome—the wide new street that leads from the Tiber to St. Peter's. Catholic Action is by definition a religious organization, and though its members are laymen they are under ecclesiastical leadership and jurisdiction. It exists to promote the interests of the Church.

With the coming of the Republic, Catholic Action rapidly increased. The huge power of these shock troops of the Church was felt in the general election of 1948. And by then a new personality had begun to make himself felt in Italian political life. This was the dynamic Professor Luigi Gedda, who, surrounded by admiring priests, had been for long an ardent member of Catholic Action.

Working with that organization, Gedda founded Catholic cells in every town in Italy which are known as *Comitati Civici*. These Civic Committees are composed of fervent Catholics in many different walks of life. They purport to promote morality and to fight Communism. Today they carry on propaganda on a large scale perhaps not second to that of the rival Communist cells.

Luigi Gedda is himself a man of contrasts: unmarried, dapper, in his forties, he is a professor of medical pathology and genetics who has specialized in the subject of twins. Rightly or wrongly, some Italians have detected likenesses between Professor Gedda and Dr. Salazar of Portugal, and have drawn their own conclusions.

But perhaps I have still not made quite clear the peculiar paradox of the situation. On the one hand we have the Demo-Christian majority party which, though led by ardent Catholics such as Signor de Gasperi and Dr. Gonella, claims that it is autonomous. On the other we have Catholic Action. This, as I have said, is under the control of the Church, but, through Professor Gedda, it has promoted the Civic Committees which in practice work as the machinery that enables De Gasperi to win his elections. I do not think I would be exaggerating much if I put it this way: De Gasperi's party would be lost without Gedda and Catholic Action, and Catholic Action derives its mandate directly from the Vatican.

My next point makes the situation still more complicated. The Demo-Christian Party leaders are men who fervently believe in parliamentary democracy, and De Gasperi will have no truck with authoritarianism or dictatorship. But the Catholic Church as such has never committed itself to supporting any particular form of government against others.

The Vatican is on good terms with parliamentary countries and with dictatorships (we have only to think of General Franco or Dr. Salazar). If the Vatican has condemned regimes of the Soviet Communist type, this is not because they are dictatorships but because of the doctrines they teach. Yet, as you can see, the goodwill of the Vatican is essential to De Gasperi; with that assistance he has led the Catholic masses into supporting a regime of liberal toleration, though strong elements in these masses are anything but liberal, and are always pulling towards the extreme right.

SUCH is the complicated background. And out of it, in the last few months, there developed a situation which for its depths of imbroglio could only really be described in terms of the *Chartreuse de Parme*.

Gedda is thought to be no friend of De Gasperi—indeed he has attacked the Prime Minister's leadership openly once and only withdrew when admonished by *Osservatore Romano*. This January Gedda's years of work were rewarded when the Vatican approved his nomination as the head of Catholic Action. Scarcely had his power been increased than he adopted a tone which many critics thought implied the idea of Catholic totalitarianism.

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In the course of a speech in Naples Gedda said that Catholic Action would have to defend the very principles of the Gospels in the next elections because, as he expressed it, "Five centuries of Protestant revolution have led to moral decadence." Somewhat similar ideas were expressed by Padre Lombardi, the famous radio priest, who preached a series of sermons on "The Mission of Rome" in the winter. The ancient *forma mentis* of the Papal States and the Bourbon clericalism of Naples seemed by no means dead.

Rome is a city that loves rumors, and in the early spring these took all kinds of forms. Some spoke of De Gasperi's days being numbered and even began to look on Gedda, in his office in the Via della Conciliazione, as the coming master of Italy.

Others, less precise, pinned their forecasts on a movement within the Demo-Christian Party that favored a change of front. This meant abandoning the Center Alliance with the Liberal, Republican, and Democratic Socialist parties, and making common cause with the growing power of the Monarchists and Neo-Fascists.

Had this happened, it might have meant the end of the Republic. The crisis came to a head when Don Sturzo, the spiritual father of the Demo-Christians, came out in April with a compromise proposal for a democratic front with the Monarchists. But whatever the motives of Don Sturzo's move, it had no success owing to the attachment of the Monarchists to the Neo-Fascists.

I would like to pause for a moment on an astonishing event—the appearance on the scene at this juncture of another character: the Communist ex-Jesuit, Father Alighiero Tondi, who until recently was professor at the Papal Gregorian university. On April 20th Father Tondi suddenly announced that, after years of meditation and suffering, he had decided to leave the Jesuits and to work for the Communist Party. Several weeks later Father Tondi began publishing articles in the Communist daily newspaper, *Unità,* in which he claimed to tell the secret story of recent maneuvers in Vatican and Fascist circles.

The person most implicated in Tondi's articles was Gedda. Gedda, the ex-Jesuit said, had been attempting to capitalize his now immense powers by founding a new authoritarian party based on Catholicism. Tondi claimed that he was present at some of Gedda's negotiations with prominent Fascists and, indeed, participated in the plot.

It is not my intention to burden you with hypotheses about ex-Father Tondi, and I would not bring him forward as a witness. As numbers of Italians were quick to point out, if what he now says is true, until a couple of months ago he was acting a part and saying what was untrue. The *Osservatore Romano* refused to answer Tondi in detail, and the most anti-clerical of Liberals could hardly view a Jesuit with favor merely because he appeared to be a Communist involved in a Fascist plot.

It would not be fair for me to touch on these sensational stories, did I not add that in all my researches I have not found a single shred of reliable evidence that the Vatican officially was involved in any such plot if it existed. The *Osservatore Romano* praised Don Sturzo's initiative as "a noble enterprise," and when it failed, came out on the side of De Gasperi and the center democratic parties some days before the municipal elections, saying that it was a serious crime to abstain from voting and that, though there were other parties not opposed to Catholic doctrine, it was the duty of Catholics to vote for the largest, in other words for De Gasperi. The Liberals, the Republicans, and the other democratic allies of De Gasperi could breathe again, and many spoke of a victory for De Gasperi and Gonella and another defeat for the clericalist and totalitarian-minded elements that are certainly to be found in the ranks of the Demo-Christians.

I may seem to have dwelt too long on an incident in recent Italian politics at the expense of my general theme. But if I have done so, it is because it illustrates the theme by showing what in Italy the broad alternatives are.

The Vatican, I repeat, is neutral by tradition in any choice between dictatorships as such and democracies as such. In the Catholic Church there is doubtless much scope for variety in politics. And yet I would suggest that this political opinion can be divided broadly into two schools of thought.

One school appeals to traditions that are rooted in medieval civilization when in some sense a religious-totalitarian society (please forgive this phrase) genuinely existed. It tends to view free and parliamentary institutions, with their inevitable exchanges of criticism, as a danger to religion; and it still, so to speak, has an instinct to appeal to "the secular arm"—to the force of the state—to maintain the Church's claims.

This political outlook still exists (it appears to be dominant, for instance, in the Iberian peninsula); but if we review the history of western Europe in the last century or half century, we will see how enormously its influence has declined in practice. Another outlook has been taking its place—an outlook symbolized in the Christian democratic parties which not only in Italy but in many other continental countries, have played a major, indeed essential, role, in establishing parliamentary regimes.

In France the Catholic intelligentsia, led by writers such as Maritain or Mauriac, has committed itself to this latter view in overwhelming measure. In Italy there is no Catholic intelligentsia that can be compared with that of France. But there is a popular tradition of liberal politics which has deep roots especially in Venetia and Lombardy.

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IT is not my task to make a judgment between these opposing views, though I cannot help my personal sympathies. Upholders of the first view have tradition on their side and, moreover, they can depend on instinctive feelings bred over the centuries and deeply ingrained habits of thought. But as against this—so the advocates of regimes of toleration argue—do they really represent the most living forces in religion? Even supposing we put aside the question of whether the use of force to impose ideas on others can be considered Christian, there are some who argue that the practical inadequacy of the religious-totalitarian attitude in politics is shown by the fact that it was tried for hundreds of years and broke down and left the situation that now confronts us.

The arguments on both sides are too well known for me to feel any need to develop them here. But how do they affect the Vatican?

As I have already suggested, no organization in the world moves, or even changes its emphasis, so slowly over the centuries. In past crises of European history, it was said that the Vatican can afford to wait. *Qui mange du Pape s'en meurt.*

But society has undergone unparalleled changes in the last fifty years: the old forms of qualitative civilization have given way to new quantitative stresses, and the cold war dominates the world. We are fully aware that we are at the crossroads in political life, and we can take it for granted that the Vatican, which feels the Soviet threat more strongly than most people do in England or America, partly because of the experiences of eastern Europe, partly because of the exposed position of Rome, has weighed up the possibilities.

I have said enough to suggest to you that the Vatican will not commit itself to supporting our western pluralistic democracies against all alternatives of government. Yet in the cold war which divides the western and eastern worlds, it cannot possibly be called neutral. It wages its own war, so to speak, and moreover it has condemned one of the sides outright.

I have suggested, then, why I suspect that the Vatican may, for this time, go on taking a favorable view of Demo-Christian types of organization, not only in Italy but also in other countries of western Europe where they are playing a key role. In old Rome, under the shadow of the statue of Giordano Bruno in the Campo dei Fiori, or when we are by the palaces that bring to our minds the immense panorama of papal history and we think of the saintly popes and the Borgia popes and Pio Nono, the last monarch of the city, it may be surprising at first to see the Catholics, the Liberals, and the Democratic Socialists now in agreement about certain questions of political freedom. This agreement does not go deep and it is certainly not of a metaphysical character. Only if we look at the alignments of the world as it is will we see the logic of events, I think.

The Supreme Court and Religion

ROBERT F. DRINAN

THE immediate future promises a lull in the storm over Church-State relations. The Supreme Court recently cut the heart out of the McCollum decision and has transmitted the explosive question of Bible reading in the public schools. The White House is quiet on another nominee for the Vatican Ambassador, and the political parties are assiduously avoiding the Church-State Gordian knot in the Federal aid to education issue. In this time of relative calm it may be opportune to reflect on all the sound and fury which filled the land from March 8, 1948 to April 28, 1952, the period when the McCollum decision was the Church-State law of the land.

The McCollum decision, it will be recalled, outlawed released-time religious education when this took place on the premises of the public school. This decision was greatly modified, if not virtually overruled, by the Zorach ruling of April 28, 1952 in which New York State's off-the-premises released time program was allowed by a vote of six to three. Chief Justice Vinson, Justice Burton and Justice Douglas practically reversed the position they had assumed on the McCollum case; Justice Black, Frankfurter and Jackson stood by their opinions in the McCollum ruling, while the new Justices Clark and Minton went along with the New York plan. Justice Reed, the lone dissenter in the McCollum decision, remained silent, his previous opinion now vindicated.

The public controversy over the McCollum decision was the inevitable result of a ruling that went far beyond the facts of the case and which, in the opinion of constitutional law experts, was a violation of religious liberty as prior Supreme Court jurisprudence had understood that term.

It seemed indeed as if the McCollum decision was a reversal of the entire modern trend of the Supreme Court to broaden the frontiers of religious freedom. The insouciant attitude of the Court in the McCollum ruling caused one to wonder if this could be the same Court which had struck blows for religious liberty on so many occasions in the recent past. And the fact is —it is good to recall—that the over-all record of the Supreme Court in sustaining the claims of religious liberty is remarkable and exemplary.

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The modern Supreme Court started its expansion of the beachheads of religious freedom by its unanimous ruling in 1925 that the state of Oregon could not constitutionally prevent the operation of private schools. As a corollary of this the Court held in 1930 that a state may, if it desires, grant textbooks to the children who attend non-public schools.

In 1940 occurred the first case in which the religious liberty guaranteed by the First Amendment of the Federal constitution was transferred to the state via the Fourteenth Amendment. This decision followed the modern trend of the Court to transfer more and more of the Bill of Rights to the states by means of the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. This 1940 ruling, which involved the claims of Jehovah's Witnesses, opened the way for the forward march of religious liberty.

In several decisions in the forties the Court protected practices which a previous Court might well have forbidden. In this process the Court reversed its prior rulings on at least two occasions. It rescinded its own ruling that school children might be compelled to salute the flag under penalty of dismissal from school, and it reversed the precedent which denied American citizenship to an alien because of his conscientious objection to war.

IN the light of this record, therefore, it was indeed surprising for the Court in 1948 to say that the claim of religious liberty could not justify religious education on public school premises. The McCollum decision seemed to be a result inconsistent in content and in method with the decisions on religious liberty of the nineteen forties.

It is natural to inquire at this point as to what philosophy of law the Court used in arriving at the decisions favorable to religious liberty and why it deviated from this philosophy in the McCollum decision. The philosophy of law of the Supreme Court cannot without some oversimplification be reduced to an easy formula; it generally reflects the pluralistic culture of the nation and the varied backgrounds of the Justices. However, the jurisprudence which more than any other has dominated the American scene (and to some extent the Supreme Court itself) during the last two or three decades is that of octogenarian Dean Roscoe Pound.

The core of Pound's doctrine is that law is a social instrument designed to effectuate the greatest possible harmonization or accommodation of conflicting views and interests. It can be argued with credible evidence that this philosophy is the legal equivalent of James' pragmatism and Dewey's instrumentalism. As such it contains dangerous elements inconsistent with traditional notions of the bases of democracy. Pound's jurisprudence is perhaps underpinned by relativism in morals, but it has nonetheless advocated a stern sense of justice and has in no small way done away with some of the conceptualistic thinking which dominated the nineteenth century legal world. In any event the Supreme Court has employed Pound's harmonizations-of-interests tests in the field of religious liberty. The result to date has been satisfactory.

ON the basis of this "accommodation" doctrine the Court of the forties refused to ban several controversial practices of ardent religious zealots. Colporteurs were given new privileges, children were allowed to refuse to salute the flag and religious propaganda was granted immunity from anti-noise statutes. When it was a question of the individual conscience against the state, the Court of the forties almost invariably urged an accommodation of state practice to silence the scruples of the individual conscience.

At first blush the McCollum case appeared to be another instance of the individual conscience troubled by state practice. Mrs. McCollum protested that she and her son found religious education in the public school offensive to their conscience. The Court in a moment of sympathy for the agnostic conscience cast the weight of its vast authority in favor of the individual and against organized religious groups. The Court did not weigh the opposed rights of the contending parties—the agnostic plaintiffs and countless parents. There was no harmonization of interests in the McCollum decision.

Why the Court deviated from its own jurisprudence in the McCollum ruling is a question answerable only by the Justices themselves. The discernible reason is that the Court created an absolute for itself—the separation of Church and State—and this newly found absolute took precedence over all harmonization of interests.

It is perhaps not too remarkable that the Court erred in its first attempt in history to harmonize the first and second parts of the First Amendment—the "establishment" clause and the religious liberty clause. But it is regrettable that the Court made the "establishment" clause an absolute which restricted religious liberty rather than what it was intended to be—an *instrument*, a *technique*, a means to insure religious liberty.

THE four years following the McCollum decision brought out quite clearly that the Court had missed a very essential element in the controversy over the vast movement for released-time religious education—the fact that the McCollum case demanded a harmonization between the claims of the conflicting parties. The Court had effected no harmonization between the

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allegedly conflicting interests of nonbelievers and the rights of the two million children now participating in released time all over the nation.

The Zorach decision to some extent corrects this oversight. Justice Douglas' opinion for the majority affirms that the state may make adjustments "to accommodate the religious needs of the people." To refuse such accommodation, says the Court, would be to throw the power of the state against the forces of religion—an undesirable and unconstitutional result. The harmonization-of-interests test has been reasserted and applied to Church-State relations with a felicitous result.

The Zorach ruling decided only the case at hand but it has introduced a new and welcome element into the terminology of the Church-State controversy. This new element is the notion that the state *may* accommodate its public institutions to the religious needs and aspirations of the American people.

However obvious this principle may seem, it has been explicitly stated for the first time in Supreme Court jurisprudence in the Zorach decision. As welcome as is this new notion to a forum dominated and confused by the ambiguous and inflammatory "separation of Church and State" formula, it must be admitted, however, that the theory of accommodation as set forth in the Zorach order is still very nebulous. The Court has a long way to go before one could say that it has evolved a philosophy of religious liberty satisfactory to a pluralistic society. But the Court has definitely turned its back on some of the less desirable implications of the McCollum decision.

IT is not entirely clear whether the Supreme Court has raised the status of religious liberty under the Constitution from a sheer immunity to that of a full-bodied right. Up to the McCollum decision religious freedom in Supreme Court jurisprudence tended to be a mere immunity from state compulsion of conscience. The McCollum decision, by setting the weight of state power against the forces of religion, caused a perceptible diminution in the immunity called religious liberty.

The Zorach opinion restores a good deal of substance to the notion of religious freedom because, first of all, it negates the absoluteness of the separation of Church and State, which in the McCollum ruling constituted a threat to religious freedom. Says Justice Douglas: "The First Amendment does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of church and state." The Zorach ruling, furthermore, strengthens religious freedom bcause it affirms that on some occasions at least the state may adapt its public institutions to the religious aspirations of the people.

While this decision is clearly a milestone in the progress of religious liberty it still leaves a good number of important questions unanswered. The state may now accommodate its public services to the spiritual needs of its people. But *must* the state do so? Has the citizen the right to demand such accommodation? And when does such accommodation begin to compromise the separation of Church and State—a fundamental American principle which neither the Supreme Court nor anyone else may erode or evade. The answers to these questions must be hammered out case by case in the chambers of the nation's highest court.

But can a nation, it will be asked, which guarantees the separation of Church and State ever be in a position to grant much more than a nominal accommodation of its public institutions to the religious aspirations of its citizens? That is the crucial question in the Church-State dispute ahead. It will be raised soon and sharply by those millions of parents who are conscientiously opposed to the type of education offered in the state schools, parents who now support ten percent of the nation's school children in private and parochial schools.

Is it a part of the religious liberty secured by the Federal Constitution to grant to these conscientious parents some accommodation on the part of the state, some alleviation from the burden of the so-called double taxation which these parents now support in the name of conscience? That is the next very complex and very controversial question on the Church-State front.

FROM SWEDEN

Crisis for a Bedeviled Neutral

THERE is no doubt that the average Swede has never been more painfully aware of his Russian neighbors than this summer, when the last in a series of a half dozen Swedish Communists were brought to trial for spying against their own country for Soviet Russia, and unarmed Swedish planes were shot down by Russian fighters in the Baltic Sea. Public opinion in a country which is traditionally uninterested in politics has been brutally shaken and is now for the first time reluctantly and increasingly spy-minded.

Does this mean that the so far neutral Swedish section of the cold war front line is swarming with Russian spies? Are there any indications that the Russians are becoming more interested in Scandinavia than in Central Europe or in the Middle East? And does this

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mean that Swedish public opinion is swinging over from neutrality to a closer cooperation with the Western Allies?

FIRST of all, the spies themselves, the convicted Swedish Communists or fellow travelers, deserve some close attention. They are much more interesting than their employers, the routine professionals from the Russian and other Red Embassies in Stockholm.

The Swedish Communists claim a membership of forty-five thousand, but a safe estimate is less, about thirty thousand. This means they number less than half of one per cent of the total population, which is proportionally much more than in the United States, but which represents only a small fraction of their proportion in other European countries outside the Iron Curtain, such as France or Italy.

By European standards, Sweden has very few Communists. There are practically no Communists in the agricultural and prosperious South, more in the industrial belt between Stockholm and Gothenburg, and the biggest concentration in the North, in Swedish Lappland round the mines of Kiruna, which produce some of the best iron ore in the world. Strategically, this is a particularly vulnerable point of Sweden, because it is situated just behind the up-to-date, atom bomb-proof fortification system of Boden and the so called Kalix line, built against an attack from the East. Most of the convicted Swedish spies are from precisely this part of the country and have concentrated their activity on it.

Why are these thirty thousand men and women Communists at all? The standard of living of the working class in Sweden is the highest in the world, there are no slums any more, practically no unemployment, and on top of all that the miners of Kiruna are among the best paid in the country, as a compensation for the cold climate and the isolation north of the Polar circle.

The reply is: they are Communists out of conviction, out of cold reasoning, which has brought them to the conclusion that the successful Social-Democratic experiment, which they benefit from, is not enough; they regard it as an unsatisfying compromise on the high road to Socialism, as realized only in the U.S.S.R.

In other words, almost all of them are what is called in countries where Communists are more numerous, "political Communists", the leaders, as opposed to "social Communists", the followers, who are Communists out of hunger and desperation. In Sweden there are, for all practical purposes, no social Communists, only political Communists, that is, Communists of quality. They are not numerous, but they are all the more valuable for Soviet Russia.

The Communists are, of course, the deadly enemies of the Social-Democrats, who are like the members of the British Labor Party and who have been in power for many years. Swedish Communist youth is undoubtedly keener than Social-Democratic youth, more austere and less inclined to dance and waste time in futilities. A striking number of them, for example, are teetotalers.

This is the background of the convicted Swedish spies. All of them are serious, promising young people, deeply convinced that if spying for Soviet Russia can accelerate the times and bring nearer the day in which Sweden should become a people's democracy, it is only in the true interest of their country to spy.

They have proved, as if it were a chemical experiment in a perfectly sterile test tube, what very few people had realized earlier: that the abolition of poverty, slums, unemployment and social injustice is not enough to eliminate the breeding ground for Communism. Such moves eliminate only the Social Communists, the second class Communists, but not the political Communists, the valuable hard core. Communists use misery and social injustice, not as a condition for success, but as a means to achieve power, and once that is done, they leave misery and social injustice roughly as they are. For the first time people in democratic Sweden are faced with the cruel dilemma: is there no other way to fight Communism than with undemocratic violence, to frighten them out of their wits, to hunt them like animals? Is it necessary to betray democracy in order to save it?

IN Sweden, the man in the street at first got the clear impression, both through the spy trials and the shooting down of Swedish planes, that Russia is particularly and suddenly interested in Scandinavia. The number of spies and Communist diplomats caught redhanded was impressive. Was Russia preparing a surprise attack via Scandinavia, in order to take the Allied forces in Germany in a pincer movement?

When the first excitement had died down, the picture looked somewhat different, and slightly more reassuring. All in all, it appeared that the Swedish police and private citizens had done a good job. Much of what was disclosed during the spy trials seemed to indicate that if the police and private citizens in other European countries were as efficient and keen, much more sensational things would be revealed. Sweden is not swarming with more spies than other European countries, but through a series of circumstances, their routine work in Sweden happened to be revealed like a sudden flash of light in the dark. As a result, in few countries do private citizens and the police cooperate more closely to discover new cogs in the Soviet spy machinery than in Sweden.

On the other hand, the shooting down of Swedish planes over the Baltic, far away from any Russian territorial waters, has focused attention on another fact.

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This was not the first time Swedish airmen have experienced how hysterically touchy the Russians become as soon as any foreign planes or boats approach the coastline of the three Baltic Soviet Republics, Esthonia, Latvia or Lithuania. Their attitude north and south of the Finnish Gulf is as different as night and day. In Finland the Russians have on the whole behaved decently, although just after the war no power on earth could have prevented them from organizing a Communist *coup d'état* in Finland or from simply incorporating it into the Soviet Union as was done with the Baltic states. Why this difference? It is true that outright incorporation or a Communist *coup* in Finland might have induced Sweden to abandon its neutrality and join the Atlantic Pact, and, vice versa, than if Sweden had joined the Atlantic Pact, this might have induced the Russians to take over Finland. But it is still quite obvious that from a military point of view, Finland is of secondary importance to the Russians, whereas the Baltic states are of first rate importance. This fact has once more been confirmed by the recent incidents, and it has not been altered by the violent language in the press and over the radio indulged in by both sides.

THE same difference exists between the Russian zones in Germany and in Austria. In Germany the Russian zone is as closed to the West as any Russian satellite in Eastern Europe, whereas the Russian zone in Austria is open to practically everybody. Any daring tourist in Austria can have a look at the Chinese wall of barbed wire, rockets and mines which is the present border line between the Russian zone in Austria and Hungary, and he can even take pictures.

The obvious conclusion is that the Russian zone in Germany, like the Baltic states, is of first rate military importance to the Russians, whereas the Russian zone in Austria, like Finland, is of secondary importance. To the west of the U.S.S.R., the most intense interest of the Rusians continues to be centered on Germany.

That is one of the reasons why the recent incidents have not induced Sweden's Social-Democratic government to reconsider its traditional neutrality. The majority of the people still favour neutrality, in spite of the violent agitation made by a minority through its powerful press organs in favour of Sweden's joining up in the Atlantic Pact. Support for this minority view has undoubtedly increased, but not to the point of provoking a crisis, at least for the time being.

If there is any crisis, it will be one of conscience, more likely to influence internal policy than foreign policy, i.e. how to deal with the hard core of Swedish Communists, the true believers. The answer to that question will not be easily found.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

THE SCREEN

THERE'S NO ESCAPE

THE English have sent us an extraordinarily good chase film, "The Stranger In Between," which, in spite of curious flaws in its narrative, is worthy of serious attention. On the surface the action is straight chase, with a series of expertly directed scenes showing a man and boy running away from the police—the man, played by Dirk Bogarde, is running because he has just murdered his wife's lover, and the boy, a six-year-old orphan acted by little Jon Whiteley, is running because he has just set fire to the house where he lives with the parents who adopted him. Although the youngster doesn't realize it, the fire was put out very quickly, and the reason the man drags him along in his flight is because the boy stumbled onto the scene of the crime immediately after the murder.

While Charles Crichton, who directed "The Lavender Hill Mob," has succeeded admirably in his new film in giving us a feeling of breathless flight and tense suspense, the script by Jack Whittingham makes the mistake of revealing motivations so late in the story that we are required to adjust our thinking about the man and boy after the film has run half of its exciting course. We never do learn too much about the man's unhappy home life or why the slut he married turned to her employer for love (there's a clew to this in a story he tells the boy), but we do finally learn the unpleasant facts about the people who gave their home but not their hearts to the orphan.

What we are actually concerned with in "The Stranger In Between" is the handsome visuals during the flight from bombed-out London into the moors of Scotland, and the relationship that develops between the man and boy during their hectic experiences. The pursuing police are baffled as to why a killer would bother with the boy; but we know that at first the man keeps the boy because of fear, and later after he tries again and again to get rid of the kid, he finally realizes how fond he is of this child who depends on him and accepts him as the father he never had. Director Crichton not only uses the background scenery well during the long flight, but he also employs symbols to advantage. Perhaps the ending is a little sentimental, but this man, though he has committed murder, is not a hardened criminal. Furthermore, the film wisely stops on the right note without telling what happens next.

OUR footloose motion picture camera takes us next to turn-of-the-century France to watch as convivial a bunch of cut-throats as you'd ever want to avoid in real life. I suppose the gang of criminals who are

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led by Claude Dauphin in "Casque d'Or" are the forerunners of the modern gangsters, but somehow, dressed as they are in the clothes of the '90s and photographed in a series of scenes as handsome as many by Renoir or Toulouse Lautrec they take on a far-distant glamor that is by no means warranted by their actions.

The story is concerned with a young man who falls in love with a gangster's moll (a completely anachronistic expression, for this period) and commits two murders to win and keep her. The finale showing him being beheaded on the guillotine is as grim a scene as the movies, even the French ones, have though up in a long time. It is unfortunate that Producer-director-writer Jacques Becker couldn't have found a story more worthy of the talent expended on this picture. It is extremely well acted throughout, with Simone Signoret as the irresistable blond trollop, Serge Reggiani as the young man who falls for her charms and is doomed from the start, Dauphin as the sinister gang leader, and a large cast of good supporting players. Becker has caught the local color of the times—with boating scenes, cheap dance halls, and even street scenes that recreate the period remarkably well. You won't shed a tear over the fate of any of these people, but neither will your interest lag.

AND then blossoming out into gala Technicolor, the camera takes us next down to the Mediterranean where the outdoor scenes of "The Crimson Pirate" were filmed. The backgrounds are beautiful to behold and the pirate stuff with Burt Lancaster swinging a mean cutlass is exciting from beginning to end. The story, full of eighteenth-century Spanish intrigue, is a little hard to follow at times, especially when one isn't sure who is tricking whom in a subplot involving revolutionaries, but action's the thing in "The Crimson Pirate" and there's plenty of that.

Burt Lancaster, in fine athletic form, assisted by Nick Cravat, who plays a mute, swing from house tops, ship tops and balloons; and when they're not swinging down some rope, they are bouncing into a vigorous fight with fists, guns or swords. The whole picture is done with tongue-in-cheek gusto, and even Director Robert Siodmak must have had fun making it. Because it is done with such good humor, one can overlook the plot's weaknesses. The ten-year old youngster who went to the preview with me didn't even squirm during Lancaster's occasional romantic scenes with Eva Bartok, but he did shriek with delight at all the gymnastic performances. As a matter of fact, "The Crimson Pirate" should delight old and young. Burt himself warns us at the beginning not to take it too seriously—and to ask no questions and believe only half of what we see.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Modernism, Marxism and Art

SERGE HUGHES

THE quiet zeal which moves every man who has soberly come to the truths he holds is not the clamorous zeal of those who have let the attraction of denial, or the spirit of denial, supplant their need for truth; nor is it the panicky zeal of those who would have a system of truths at all costs and hold to their truth for the stability it insures and not for the demands it may make on them.

Quiet zeal, needless to say, is not a characteristic of our time, nor has it been characteristic of any other time. Its very demands are enough to insure a small following. Yet where such zeal falters and is dimmed, truth loses its dominion over men and something quite terrible and unworthy reigns in its stead.

It is the duty of men whose life is lighted up by "quiet zeal" to make every effort to share the spirit with others, even though the others may spurn it because they do not know it. Such zeal must also, by unremitting labor, give the lie to the charge that its eclecticism is no more than astute compromise, that its work is futile because there is no place for complexity in deep convictions and much less place for it in common convictions. The spirit of quiet zeal is an aristocratic one, and the aristocrat cannot rest until he has raised himself to others, and others to him.

There is today a sinful absence of this spirit with respect to Communism.

FAR more effectively than its opponents could, Soviet Communism itself has driven away men who might have dedicated all their strength to it. Even the most hopeful and most patient could not blind themselves to the disillusions which the Russians could not and cynically would not explain. The list of the disillusioned is long and not confined to Germany, but throughout Europe: France, England, Italy. Here in the United States, we too are familiar with ex-Communist confessional literature. Yet, the result of this situation has been unexpected. Many men have left the Party who would not have been deterred by persecution from the opposition, but rather would have risen to leadership. Now that they have turned against the Party, at this point, anti-Communist zeal has become most frenetic.

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It is odd; ideologically, the tenets of Communism were most studied and scrutinized here in the thirties and in Europe in the twenties, and although there were brilliant converts to the cause, by and large it did not win over any large segment of thinking men. The Communism and anti-Communism of those days had great literacy as well as sound and fury. Today, the ideological prestige of Communism has diminished but has been made up for by the increase of territorial and military power. Laski is perhaps one of the very last of the brilliant intellectual Marxists that Europe will give birth to. Nevertheless, much of the anti-Communism of today forgets this peculiar condition and has either undue fear or ridicule for Communist thought. It is responsible for having brought about a condition in which the theoretical basis of Communism has become increasingly more difficult to see, to know, and to judge. This is stupid and dangerous. The step from cocky ridicule to awed reverence is shorter than most people think.

RECENTLY a work appeared which made brilliant use of the Marxist interpretation of history, Arnold Hauser's Social History of Art (2 volumes. Knopf. $12.50). With few noticeable exceptions, reviewers took refuge in the citadel of generalities: "impressive," "tremendous erudition," "indispensable," "some readers will disagree, but. . . ." The vagueness of this language is not completely explained by the short time in which a nine hundred and sixty page book bristling with footnotes was to be reviewed. That, no doubt, was a contributing factor; but the insights and the erudition are so overwhelming that most readers would be forced to adhere to generalities.

This work, then, which so skillfully uses a Marxist historical technique, certainly an important tenet of Communist thought, a work which merited to have been discussed and argued and known by so many, was smothered by the praiseful generalities with which it was received. Had this book appeared here in the thirties or in Europe in the twenties, it would have inspired a number of articles in learned reviews, it would have become the subject of earnest discussion. Its recent publication met with no more critical comments than "authoritative" or "encyclopedic."

Apparently, a great part of anti-Communism is, in its most vigorous stages, directed against an easily refuted Communism, and intelligent and brilliant Marxists are to be firmly and contemptuously ignored. When Communism ceases to be regarded simply as evil and atheistic but is acknowledged as a complex movement in which truths run wild, and when such truths are applied in brilliant fashion, then much of the clamorous anti-Communist zeal is quieted.

The Marxian economic interpretation of history is a good example of this state of affairs. Marxian interpretation of history is often made to look preposterous, and in abstract there is nothing easier to refute. Marx, of course, never held the view that history is nothing more than economics, that all the rest is vain substance and shadow; Engels himself had occasion to apologize for the exaggerated way in which he and Marx presented the importance of economics in history, and urged that instead of constantly asking for a theory that would clarify and explain all of history, people read and ponder the specific cases in which economic determinism did its share in throwing light upon events—such as the Eighteenth Brumaire, for example.

THAT the State is and has been often an instrument of power of the dominating class; that ideologies are linked to class-interests and are often rationalizations for power; that periods of economic prosperity have a close relationship to periods of culture: these are only some of the insights that the doctrine of economic determinism offers which cannot be smiled away and which can and must be used by the most sincere anti-Communist. This is justified electicism. For those truths as particular truths in particular cases have value, they help to understand. The mistake is to make a system of them, to apply them as an iron law of historical truths to all periods and to confuse them with a philosophical system (a temptation which Marx himself could not resist).

Hauser's work uses this doctrine of economic determinism, together with a purported doctrine of Neitzsche that ideas are valuable for the lust for power they disguise, as the bases of his history of art from primitive times to Picasso. Dealing not only with pictorial art but also with literature, philosophy and history, his work shows a thorough familiarity with all of the authorities of particular ages and styles. The book shows powers of sympathy that are phenomenal, and no one who takes the problems of art seriously can ignore it.

Certainly this is a work which should have caused debate among men who are convinced as to the essential incapacity of Marxian thought to understand art as well as theology and philosophy, for Hauser is a very worthy opponent.

Yet, nowhere, to this reviewer's knowledge, was there a great deal of attention brought to Hauser's oversimplified treatment of the problem of Iconoclasm in the ninth century. No one took great issue with his denial of any transcendental spirit in early Christian art, or his attributing the decline of Rome to a simple breakdown of capitalism and to a mass fear of death and retribution. No one objected to the absence of any reference to the liturgy, one of the most important creations of Byzantine culture, which Hauser discusses.

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Where were objections raised to the glib identification of the philosophical doctrine of Realism with a static and conservative society, and Nominalism with a dynamic, liberal and progressive outlook? The assertion that Church architecture has been essentially anti-democratic certainly should have brought forth some comment. And some attention should have been given to the denial of the unity of the Middle Ages on the grounds that "the sole element of importance which dominated the Middle Ages before and after epoch-making changes is the metaphysically based world-view" and also on the grounds of the decisive changes that occur from the natural economy of the early Middle Ages to the court chivalry of the high Middle Ages and the bourgeois culture of the late Middle Ages.

One could go on to the summary dismissal of the value of German idealism, done in such a way as to make the most anti-Kantian philosopher either smile or rage. And in conclusion, the main tenet of Hauser that "the most significant and comprehensive creations of the human spirit are hardly ever the result of a deliberately willed, straightforward development directed towards a final goal at the very outset . . . (works of art) are the chance result of special needs, conditioned by time and place, and of a whole series of pre-existing, often extraneous and inadequate, means" was apparently not too badly received.

IT is to do an injustice to Hauser to argue with him at too great length on the part which precedes Baroque. For it is on the Baroque and the following ages, particularly in his discussions of the nineteenth century novel, the meaning of Impressionism, the Second Empire, that he is superb. The nineteenth century is his time and he is most stimulating in it.

Yet the unevenness of his brilliance is evident when he approaches the modern world. Alternatives are only between Communism and. . . .? The liberals are all confused. Spengler, Chesterton, and Ortega y Gasset are all thrown into one category. The non-existence of any meaningful Russian art is not taken to be a sign of anything seriously wrong, but America and Russia show how alike they are, for both are creators and pioneers of the typical art of our time, the film. According to Hauser Picasso rings the death-knoll of our art. He is the representative artist of our time, and we are doomed unless we break out of the present hermetic art and establish contact with a large art public once more in order to survive.

I do not know for sure whether such sentiments are enough to establish Hauser as an intellectual "fellow-traveler": they are enough to convince thinking men that Hauser, for all his mistrust for rationalization and his desire to get at "real causes," can be astonishingly naive.

Yet these defects do not invalidate the work any more than the doctrine of an unabated class warfare's inevitably leading to open war takes away the importance of classes. Even a standard Marxist approach to Shakespeare (and there is such a one in Hauser, based on the ideas of the leading Marxist literary critic, Georg Lukács) can be useful, although never exhaustive. Reading this book should prove at least that Marxism does have an apparent plausibility.

HAUSER, it should be made clear, is no simple Marxist but rather one who has sought to integrate all modern sociological currents of thought with his Marxism, and to make of such an approach an irrefutable method. If he has failed it is due in part to the virtual impossibility of extracting any valid esthetic doctrine from Marx, and in part to Hauser's highly dramatic sense which leads him to turn to the problem of the bourgeois again and again.

Like Marx, Hauser admires and hates the bourgeois, and once he has proudly traced the bourgeois origins in a breaking away from feudalism, his coming to power in the high Renaissance and the Baroque, he then follows with contempt the beginning of bourgeois decline in the eighteenth century and final fall, from the days of the Second Empire to the crash in 1929. For Hauser, there is a definite date for the end of capitalism and of bourgeois culture, and that is 1929. Obviously he does not know or understand America since that date.

Yet what are the alternatives to the bourgeois values? Hauser writes very penetratingly on the ambiguous and inconclusive stand of Flaubert on the problem, but he himself, like Sinclair Lewis, like so many of us, has come no closer to the solution of the problem. Damning the bourgeois can be a sport while we are still in our twenties; praising the bourgeois can be a bit too demanding at any age, even in our portly fifties; and the realization that it is wrong to hypostatize the concept of bourgeois does not really, after all, get us too far.

Possibly it is this problem which Hauser presents and does not solve which will keep his work living, after all its inadequacies have been pointed out and listed.

If a reader has ever felt the bourgeois as a problem (and thinkers have for the last fifty years), *Social History of Art* is a work to read.

There is a good chance that Marxist thought will not find such a gifted interpreter as Hauser for a long time. If a person is convinced of his deep rooted opposition to Communist ideology, to Marxism, and would wish to know the temper of that conviction, his is the work to read.

And then let such a reader be filled with quiet zeal.

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A Triumphant Chronicle of the Pilgrimage of Grace

THE MAN ON A DONKEY. By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5.

By T. E. CASSIDY

WE are, in general, history-loving readers, here in America. Further, we like our history romantic and adventurous, full of dash and color, lovely ladies, gallant gentlemen, swords, blood, gold, fights, and glitter. We have lavished praise and popularity on those authors who, tastefully or not, throw hundreds and hundreds of pages at us, each page jumping with adventure. The more scarlet or amber the adventure, the better we like it. And who cares if we confuse a bedroom steeplechase with a profound historical commentary on a period?

Let those readers, now, who like the historical novel brace themselves for a tremendous experience, because *The Man on a Donkey* is what they have been awaiting, wanting, and needing. It is a profoundly moving chronicle of England under Henry VIII, a beautifully executed piece of literature, and a massively impressive work of power, sensitivity, and drama. It has no peer in the historical novels of our age. Here is the happiest blend of artistry and history, of comedy and tragedy, of pathos and joy. It is magnificent in scope, breathtaking in its feeling, and truly grand in effect. By the time you have met the people and have fit into the period, the rest of the reading is a delight, an effortless and thoroughly enjoyable journey throughout the England of Henry VIII.

The author says this is the chronicle of five people: Christabel Cowper, Prioress; Thomas, Lord Darcy; Julian Savage, Gentlewoman; Robert Aske, Squire; Gilbert Dawe, Priest. There is Malle, the servingwoman, whose visions bring a spiritual focus to the work. And there are the many men and women, nobles and commons, kings and queens, who form the total panorama. To recount the stories of each would be impossible—you cannot give the details of a tapestry, and have it remain a tapestry. But there are solid and complete mergings of all the stories, and all the people find themselves participating in the lives of each other.

The broad theme concerns the effect of the acts of Henry VIII upon the lives of the people of England: the shiftings of power, the dissolution of the religious houses, the uprooting of people, the divided loyalties, the spiritual conflicts, the political collisions, the splitting of personalities, the breaking of hearts, minds and bodies. The dike that Henry opens unlooses a flood which neither he nor his followers expected or wanted. But it is done and it cannot be undone. The pathetic Katherine is only a victim of a vicious force. Once the beginning is, there is only one end—a shattering upheaval that tore England apart and sent Christendom reeling for centuries. Sanctity and venality alike are caught and entangled; one finds itself serving the other, and neither, as a result, is served. Chaos is heaped upon chaos, while all the wrangling of law and right results only in the bitterest kind of religious and national schizophrenia.

The particular themes concern the lives and personalities of the people already mentioned. Dame Christabel is to the manor born, and becomes a nun. She is inevitably destined to become Prioress, but it is not long after she does that the nuns are forced to leave their Priory. Christabel's rage is as much against the chain of events for stripping her of her recent power, as it is for slashing the fabric of the Church. For she was of the blood, in truth, and when she went home for her younger brother's wedding, she wore "as she ought not to have worn, a girdle woven with silver, and a silk purse hanging from it. Her veil, as it ought not to have been, was of silk, and the pins in it were of silver; she considered that this show was for the credit of the House. Besides, she was not as others, who wore such things in Cloister, thus causing temptation to assail the younger Ladies. When she was at Marrick these adornments lay in a chest, so now she could wear them heartily."

Christabel has her proper hauteur, but she is a manager, an ecclesiastical tycoon, and even when the wretched serving woman, Malle, seems to be having visions, Christabel, though irritated, is willing to consider using the visions (or their possibility) to raise the prestige of the House, against the house of the ladies of St. Bernard. Malle sees Him several times, and always when she saw, "There was a great wind of light blowing, and sore pain." And when she, with Wat, the idiot by-child of the priest Gib, sees Him, "they crouched on the hillside, looking towards God, feeling God under their spread palms on the grass, and through the soles of their feet. Beyond, beyond, beyond, and beyond again, yet always that which went still beyond—God. And here, with only a low wooden gate between, that thing which man could never of himself have thought, and would never come to the depth of for all his thinking, here that thing impossible was true as daylight, here was God in man, here All in a point." And again, Malle saw Him —"just as it says in the Office book, where two roads meet. And they came . . . and Malle went after them and she saw Him ride (on the Pedlar's donkey) . . . on it across Grinton Bridge."

The squire, Robert Aske, is in a sense the hero of the book. It is he who sees, penetrates, analyzes and acts upon the events in the realm, just as he acts, in his human way, on the lives of many of those whom he meets. He has sinned, but he has repented, and he has loved, and for Meg, his partner in sin, and for her sister, Julian, he is the great love in life. He sees July tenderly: "This—an unhappy, frightened little wench —was one tiny fragment of the destruction that the King and Cromwell were making." He becomes the leader of the forces that are to make a pilgrimage of Grace against the King, but he was dark, unhappy,

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and full of deep worry. Even, indeed, in his fear, to the point of stating, in his mind: "If I move, I do wrong. If I move not wrong is done."

But Robert Aske and Lord Darcy and his honorable men actually and practically do not achieve their end, and they are doomed, heavy with honor. Cries Robert, after he has been pronounced guilty: ". . . it's justice I want, not mercy. And there's no justice, nor no mercy either. None, I think, under the floor of heaven." July loves him greatly, and even tries to intercede with Jane Seymour for his life by lying that the child she is carrying for her husband is really Robert's. But Robert Aske is doomed, and he hangs in chains until death. "With a groaning of iron upon iron, he was turning slowly around. The minister came into sight just as the bells sounded, tossing out their bubbles of sweet sound upon the air. Still he turned. . . ." Robert Aske had gone too far. But "now, beside him and beyond, was nothing, and He was silence and light." Thus ends the chronicle of Robert Aske.

The wonder of faith fills this book, faith that surges even amidst the ruination of war and persecution. It is total faith, because it is a faith that is human and that possesses its power not only from the divine but from the weakness of the human. Gib, the fallen priest, the aspiring heretic, shows himself as much possessed of it as the champions, also fallen in their way. There is no surface piety, no excessive religiosity, no emphasis on the sordid, no glorification of the startling. This is a book of sheer grandeur, and on every page you find an experience. The people live, and they live as people do in any age, surrounded though they might be by peculiar and even savage forces they can never fully understand. But mighty and humble, they function, they stagger, they suffer, they triumph. They are, indeed, the lost legions of any age of mankind, those legions that are nonetheless searching and searching and finally finding, through the mazes of error, the great, the eternal verities.

A final word. It is great, the way in which Miss Prescott ranges through a variety of characterizations. A phrase here and a phrase there sum up whole personalities. The gross, the blessed; the happy, the miserable; the wicked, the charitable. They all merge, and one and all have their moments when they are not what they are, or when they are what they are not. I believe this book is an event. It has forever banished the notion that to be a successful wanderer in the historical wasteland you must dredge the muck for a few nuggets of gold. Here is an achievement that makes a mockery of the pseudo-historical trash that we have acknowledged and bought —nay, even hailed. God is in the book, as He must be in any chronicle of the workings of men. Malle says, at one point; "He came stilly as rain, and even now cometh into the darkness of our bellies—God in a bit of bread, to bring morning to our souls. *There is news.*" And from the depths of the darkness, she sees hope: "There is darkness, and God moving nigh-hand in the darkness."

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Rosamund in the Frozen North

THE TUNDRA WORLD. By Theodore C. Stanwell-Fletcher. Little, Brown. $3.50.

By ALLAN DEVOE

THERE is a perennially popular kind of story for young people in which a sheltered boy or girl from the city—very likely over-refined, over-protected, or sickly, but at any rate notably immature—goes to spend a season on a farm with Gram and Gramps, or passes a spell in the wilderness with Trapper Joe or Northwoods Pete, or possibly tags along on a scientific expedition with a quaintly eccentric but lovable old naturalist, and in the course of this adventure into nature and truth Grows Up. I remember with gratitude a number of stories of this kind from my youth, and I imagine all readers must.

Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher has written, in *Tundra World,* a contribution to the genre, and an uncommonly beguiling one. If in the next few years an extraordinary number of budding biologists and enkindled field-explorers show up in Arctic Canada, clustering in the Hudson Bay area and around Churchill particularly, this can be ascribed to the magically persuasive powers of *Tundra World.*

Tundra World's heroine, Rosamund Reeve, a college student "from a sheltered New England home," spends a summer in the wilderness of the Far North, a summer complete with Eccentric But Lovable Professor, fascinating nature-learnings about such creatures as caribou and Arctic foxes, adventures with Eskimos and whales, and finally the hint of romance. In the process she has a perfectly wonderful time, keeps a journal of her adventures and observations, and may be observed, as the summer passes, to be growing in wisdom and understanding.

The natural history in *Tundra World* is entirely enthralling, and may be read with instruction and delight by a reader of any age. In other respects, *Tundra World* may be less appealing to the fully grown, who may have lost their girlish-bounce-and-gee-whillikins so long ago that they are likely to find this spirit of the book nothing but a trial.

I have been commenting on *Tundra World,* and finding it admirable, on the assumption that it is directed to readers of teen age or thereabouts. This seems a reasonable assumption, both from reading the present work and from remembering Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher's *Driftwood Valley* of a few years ago, a restrained, wise, adult and painstakingly written book which deservedly won the John Burroughs Medal as the best nature book of 1947. The publishers of *Tundra World,* however, give no indication that this book is a young-people's book; and indeed they expressly encourage another supposition. "The thousands of readers who delighted in *Driftwood Valley",* says the jacket, "will

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be equally enthusiastic" over this one.

This is done, I suppose, in the hope of gaining the broadest possible audience for *Tundra World*. It is a kind of thing being done by publishers a great deal these days. But it seems to me to be playing less than fair with readers, and far less than fair with such a writer as Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher.

Tundra World is a first-rate book of its kind. But to conceal the fact that it belongs to "a kind"—and a kind of restricted appeal and special audience—is to ensure that many previous readers of Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher will be disappointed, and that many first-time readers of her work will be led to underestimate what formidable powers she possesses when she is not, as here, purposely simplifying and Girl Scouting her material.

Dark Valley

TESTIMONIES. By Patrick O'Brian. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

By NORAH PIPER

IN this haunting and poetic first novel, the story is related by several characters. After each has spoken, a microcosm has been subtly, economically disclosed; there is a dénouement so inevitably the result of the interaction of characters that the feeling is not only that this was the way events occurred, it was the only way they could have happened.

The story in outline is deceptively simple. One September, an Oxford don, seeking a refuge from his increasingly onerous academic duties and trying to recapture his own faraway Welsh roots, rents a cottage in a secluded valley in North Wales. An unexpected inheritance the following spring allows him to resign his fellowship and return to live permanently in Cwm Bugail, setting in motion the forces that, in a little more than a year, bring him and lose him the only love of his life. The mysterious tensions in the home of his neighbors, the Vaughns, seeming to center around the beautiful Bronwen, baffle him, and in

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his search for the explanation, he falls in love with the lady.

The voice of Bronwen discloses that in her relationship to her husband is a shameful and nameless horror that he is as helpless to control as she is to reveal it, and the stress between them affects all the Vaughn household. Pugh, the ex-don, is moved into their home to be nursed through a long illness, and the unspoken love that grows between him and Bronwen is misinterpreted by the malicious Nonconformist preacher, Pritchard Eaton. The evil he generates rouses such hostility in Cwm Bugail that it precipitates the climax of the story.

Wealth, education, the church and the law are represented by four frustrated bachelors. Each is logical in his way and plays his part in emphasizing what one of them, Skinner, the ex-magistrate, calls the "closedness" of the Welsh people. Lloyd, the schoolmaster, good and kind, is so influenced by the evil Pritchard Ellis that he cannot act to check the course of events until it is too late. Pugh is ineffectual, good but imprisoned in the pessimism and pride of his intellectual sterility.

Testimonies is a book written with deep emotion and knowledge of the human soul.

A Tribute to the Maid

THE HALO AND THE SWORD: Saint Joan of Arc. By Mary Purcell. Newman Press. $3.

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

A LOVING tribute to Saint Joan, this book was written by an Irish woman. Each time I am confronted by the work of a non-French writer on the subject of Joan of Arc, I marvel and wonder that people other than the French can be so moved by her that they are willing to tackle the well nigh herculean task implied in the sheer study of documents and previous accounts, to say nothing of the pilgrimages to be undertaken to all the places in France which, proudly or shamefully, are entitled to claim her presence at one time or another during her short life. That Mary Purcell did all this and did it well, calls for admiration.

For the last hundred years many are those, the world over, who have been entranced or puzzled by Joan. Contrary to what Claude Farrère seems to think in his foreword, even unbelievers among writers wrote of Jeanne with respect and fervor. Let it be said here, that I find it unfortunate that so sincere a book as Mary Purcell's be afflicted with an altogether small-minded preface, academician or not.

Mary Purcell has written a well documented, lively and winning tale, with a lot of accurate local color, a great deal of genuine feeling for the Maid and a full acceptance of the supernatural which was so familiar to Jeanne. The story reads easily and can be put in the hands of young people. It may be that despite its care, the presentation lacks robustness and grandeur, but in view of its other good points I would have a tendency to let it go at that were it not that Mary Purcell's Jeanne is not the one of the working people of France to whom Jeanne belonged.

It is no direct fault of Mary Purcell, and she is not, by far, the only one to disclose it. Many French writers are guilty of the same. It requires more than scholarly achievement, writing talent and religious faith to write truthfully and convincingly about Jeanne. It requires some understanding of the kind of betrayals she has suffered. She has been betrayed twice. By the same people: governing powers, army men, churchmen. Once their victim, and, now, for the last hundred years or so, their tool, for furthering their own ends; even the canonization was used to whip up chauvinistic enthusiasm which has nothing to do with genuine love of France.

Jeanne has been stolen from the common people of France and monopolized by the very same clique which in the fifteenth century plotted her death. As a result it becomes al-

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most impossible to disentangle her from the image they have created in order that she may cease forever to be a disturbing element to their comfort, prejudices and privileges.

When writing about Jeanne, one should understand that, and also the nature of the true veneration for her hidden in the heart of the French working people. To them she stands for a dogged resistance to all servitudes, a refusal to be imposed upon by money or learning which she treated with a boldness, bordering on impertinence, which is quite typical of popular French temperament. They love her steadfast fidelity, unto death, to what she knew to be true, in the face of the formidable machinery of the society of that time. They too have been through all that at one time or another, whether directly or through their forbears. This nineteen-year-old peasant girl's struggle is their own struggle.

Had Jeanne just "saved France" there would be little hope of her ever being venerated, save by those for whom saving France has always meant and always means, consciously or not, saving their own privileges. But she, who belonged to those who have nothing to lose, exemplified within the few months of her passion, their own story throughout the ages. *That* Jeanne they know, she is of them, she is in them, she is they, and the root of her sanctity reaches deep into their heart.

It is but natural that some French writers have been able to come closer to this popular understanding of Jeanne than Mary Purcell did. However it seems to me, that, as far as I know, none yet has succeeded in presenting Jeanne whole. She is always adorned or belittled. We are still waiting for the story of St. Joan in the integrity of her French popular temperament inhabited by Grace.

REVIEWERS

T. E. Cassidy is a professor of English who is now doing advanced studies at Columbia.

Allan Devoe is the author of several books and numerous articles on Nature and Nature studies.

Norah Piper is a new contributor.

Claire Huchet Bishop is the author of *France Alive* and *All Things Common*.

GOING INTO THE CITY

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"Christians, however, can and should do what she herself cannot do. Because they are also of this world, they have as much right as others do to take part in seeking the truth, to engage in all controversies and transformations of the City in which they are citizens. The 'children of light' are often less clever than the 'sons of darkness.' This condition does not spring from any precept of the Lord. To be late with an idea may be a fact, it is not a virtue."

—EMMANUEL CARDINAL SUHARD

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